

SNIPPETS

From here and there



Summer 2020

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The Maleny Garden Club extends a warm invitation to all members and visitors to attend the monthly general meetings held on the last Tuesday of each month, as per program for the year.



Only In Australia.

'Twas the night before Christmas, there wasn't a sound.
Not a possum was stirring; no-one was around.
We'd left on the table some tucker and beer,
Hoping that Santa Claus soon would be here;
We children were snuggled up safe in our beds,
While dreams of pavlova danced around in our heads;
And mum in her nightie and dad in his shorts,
Had just settled down to watch TV sports.
When outside the house a mad ruckus arose;
Loud squeaking and banging woke us from our doze.
We ran to the screen door, peeked cautiously out,
Snuck onto the deck, then let out a shout.
Guess what had woken us up from our snooze,
But a rusty old Ute pulled by eight mighty 'roos.
The cheerful man driving was giggling with glee,
And we both knew at once who this plump bloke must be.
Now, I'm telling the truth it's all dinki-di,
Those eight kangaroos fairly soared through the sky.
Santa leaned out the window to pull at the reigns,
And encouraged the 'roos by calling their names-
'Now, Kylie! Now, Kirsty! Now Shazza and Shane!
On Kipper! On Skipper! On Bazza and Wayne!
Park up on that water tank. Grab a quick drink,
I'll scoot down the gum tree. Be back in a wink!
So up to the tank those eight kangaroos flew,

With the Ute full of toys, and Santa Claus too,
He slid down the gum tree and jumped to the ground,
Then in through the window he sprang with a bound.
He had bright sun-burned cheeks and a milky white beard.
A jolly old joker was how he appeared.
He wore stubby shorts and old thongs on his feet,
And a hat of deep crimson as shade from the heat,
His eyes- bright as opals – Oh! How they twinkled!
And like a goanna, his skin was quite wrinkled!
His shirt was stretched over a round bulging belly
Which shook when he moved, like a plate full of jelly.
A fat stack of prezzies he flung from his back,
And he looked like a swaggie unfastening his pack.
He spoke not a word, but bent down on one knee,
To position our goodies beneath the Yule tree,
Surf board and footy-ball shapes for us two.
And for Dad, thongs to use on the new barbeque,
A mysterious package he left for our Mum,
Then he turned and he winked and he held up his thumb;
He strolled out on deck and his 'roos came on cue;
Flung his sack in the back and prepared to shoot through.
He bellowed out loud as they swooped past the gates-
MERRY CHRISTMAS to all, and goodonya, MATES!

Anon

Maleny Garden Club Report for 2020.

It is interesting that the Chinese curse "May he live in interesting times" has made this a most unusual year particularly with Covid seemingly originating in China. Some things changed for us, among them the cessation of our Monthly General Meetings, the suspension of Sip-n-Snip (although Carolyn and Peter Willadsen took it on themselves to provide virtual tour(s) of some members gardens while we were confined to our own homes/gardens – an initiative that was very much appreciated).

We had General Meetings in Jan & Feb at the Old Witta School then entered into a hiatus until August when we held our first post-Covid General Meeting in the Maleny Showgrounds Pavilion. There was a full house proving how essential getting together with like minded people to share friendship and knowledge is for the human condition. We acknowledged, by presenting commemorative badges, those members who have been with the Club for 15 years at the August General Meeting. There are now 22 members with this distinction.

There was no formal AGM this year due to Covid restrictions on the number of people allowed to gather together. The outgoing President's report that is usually a feature of the AGM meeting thanking all those who had worked so hard in the past year, noting the Club achievements is instead on the Garden Club web page and well worth taking the time to read.

A new committee was nominated, some committee members choosing to stay on (whose experience in the roles is appreciated) – we have a new President Bill Henman, Treasurer Marg Trigger, Trip Convenor Dot Jupp, Newsletter editor & Librarian Wendy Reilly and Website Administrator Lyndall Bryant, and offer them our full support. A new convenor for Gardening on the Edge is to be appointed.

We note our appreciation for those who had diligently performed the Committee role(s) prior - Anne Boyle as Treasurer and Vice President - Carolyn Willadsen as Newsletter Editor and librarian – Nancy Baker as trip convenor - Dot Jupp as the outgoing President – Jan McGuire as Gardening on the Edge Convenor, and David Webb as Website Administrator, with Carole Webb as Cuts Steward and judge.

We farewelled some older members - Olga Webster (a foundation member for 67 years) passed away in May - her husband Alan was the Club Patron for 40+ years - Corinne Taylor to live in Brisbane in October – (Corinne was President in 1992 and 1993 and through Garden Club fundraising activities championed the Maleny Ambulance and the Community Centre).

Others who have left the area include June Crane who was Secretary in the 1990's - June wrote the most informative and perceptive record of the monthly meetings putting a human face on the Club happenings.

It would be remiss not to remember with fondness our Life Members who have built our club up over the years. While it might be philosophical it is easy to forget our past - *If a tree falls in a forest and no one is around to hear it, does it make a sound?* We build on the foundation of Members who have worked hard and had so much fun together over the years.

We had our first Spring Fair for 16 years in October (2004 was the last year it was held) which was enthusiastically supported by our members and the public. A welcome initiative of the Spring Fair was the involvement of Club Members presenting gardening information and tips at workshops, we have so much

knowledge to share with growing fruit, vegetables and flowers in our Club it is hoped this will continue and expand into future events.

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We look very much forward to 2021 and wish folk everywhere Friendship through Gardening.

Generously contributed by Brian Robertson

More Flowers that even Darwin can't explain (con't)

Laughing Bumble Bee Orchid (*Ophrysbbomyblifora*)



Monkey Face Orchid (*Dracula Simia*)



THE BASIC RULES FOR CLOTHESLINES:

We are probably the last generation that will remember what a clothesline was .And in lots of places they are now illegal (because some suburban communities consider them “unsightly”!) It's the poem at the end that's the best ..!!!

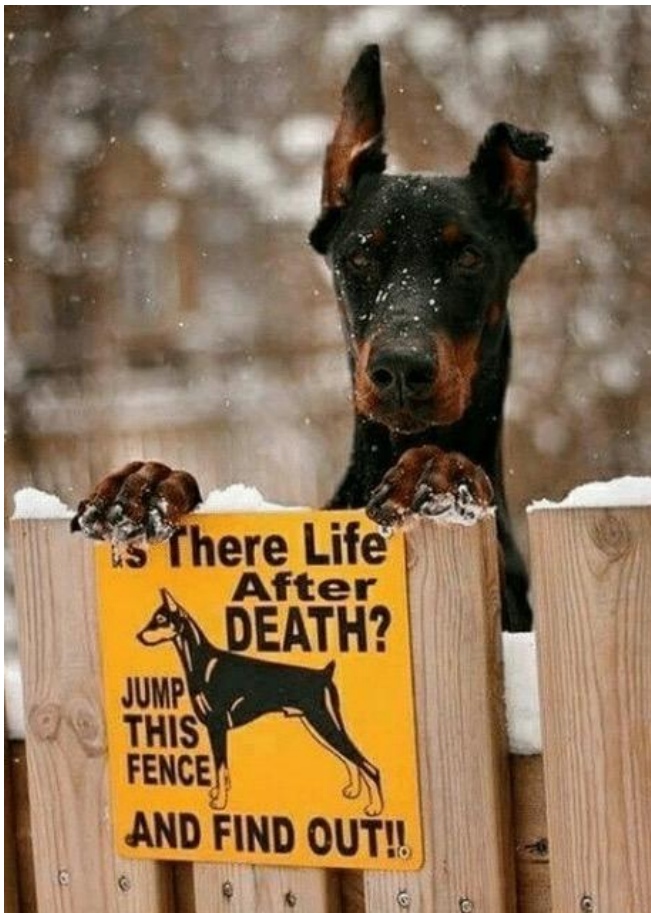
1. You had to hang the socks by the toes... NOT the top.
2. You hung pants by the BOTTOM/cuffs... NOT the waistbands.
3. You had to WASH the clothesline(s) before hanging any clothes. Walk the entire length of each line with a damp cloth around the lines.
4. You had to hang the clothes in a certain order, and always hang "whites" with "whites," and hang them first.
5. You NEVER hung a shirt by the shoulders – always by the tail! What would the neighbours think?
6. Wash day was Monday! NEVER hang clothes on the weekend, especially on Sunday, for Heaven's sake!
7. Hang the sheets and towels on the OUTSIDE lines so you could hide your "unmentionables" in the middle (perverts & busybodies, you know!)
8. It didn't matter if it was sub-zero weather... clothes would "freeze-dry."
9. ALWAYS gather the clothes pins when taking down dry clothes! Pins left on the lines were seen as "tacky".
10. If you were efficient, you would line the clothes up so that each item did not need two clothes pins but shared one of the clothes pins with the next washed item.
11. Clothes off of the line and neatly folded in the clothes basket before supper time, and ready to be ironed ... IRONED??!! Well, that's a whole OTHER subject!
12. Long wooden pole (clothes pole) that was used to push the clotheslines up so that longer items (sheets/pants/etc.) didn't brush the ground and get dirty.

And Now a POEM.

A clothesline was a news forecast,
To neighbours passing by,
There were no secrets you could keep,
When clothes were hung to dry.
It also was a friendly link, for neighbours always knew,
If company had stopped on by to spend a night or two.
For then you'd see the "fancy sheets", and towels upon the line;
you'd see the "company table cloths" with intricate designs.
The line announced a baby's birth,
From folks who lived inside,
As brand new infant clothes were hung,
So carefully with pride!
The ages of the children could,
So readily be known,
By watching how the sizes changed,
You'd know how much they'd grown!
It also told when illness struck,
As extra sheets were hung;
Then nightclothes, and a bathrobe too,
Haphazardly were strung.
It also said, "On vacation now",
When lines hung limp and bare
It told, "We're back!" when full lines sagged,
With not an inch to spare!
New folks in town were scorned upon,
If wash was dingy and grey,
As neighbours carefully raised their brows,
And looked the other way.
But clotheslines now are of the past,
For dryers make work much less.
Now what goes on inside a home
Is anybody's guess!
I really miss that way of life,
It was a friendly sign,
When neighbours knew each other best
By what hung on the line.



Contributed by Jan McGuire.



"I know I'm not supposed to interfere, but how's the dog going to climb through that?"

Tennis (as explained for the uninitiated)

Tennis is a game played by 2 or 4 players.

2 players are called singles, 4 players are called doubles.

The umpire can 'let' your second service be your first.

Love does not mean you are a very friendly person.

Love 30 certainly does not mean an orgy.

If you win one point, you get 15 points; win another you get 30; win another you get 40; but if you don't win any ALL YOU GET IS LOVE!

If you win the game it does not mean you have won the set.

If you win a set it does not mean you have won the match, BUT

If you have won the match, you have won

THE GAME SET AND MATCH.

WHAT A RACQUET!!

Remember all those times when you wished the weekend would last forever. Well, Wish Granted. Happy Now?



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Editor;

Well another year has flown by, it seems only a short while ago that it was Christmas 2019. Thank you to Jan McGuire and Brian Robertson who have generously contributed to this edition. Look forward to seeing you all in 2021.

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The Club's Objectives are: – To further knowledge and enjoyment of horticulture. – To raise awareness in the club and community of local environment and to encourage planting of local indigenous species. – To enjoy social interaction between members of this and similar clubs.

All contributions to: Margaret Owens email: margaret.owens@bigpond.com

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